



At the Theatres.

Academy of Music.
Otis Skinner, Wednesday, matinee and night.

Bijou Theatre.
Factory Girl, all the week.

One of the most artistic successes of the present New York season has been that of Otis Skinner in "The Harvester," which play has just enjoyed a notable triumph at the Lyric Theatre, New York, and has won the practically unanimous praise of all the metropolitan critics. The success of this production might, indeed, have been predicted, in view of the fact that the original French drama from which it has been adapted, "Le Chemineau," of Jean Richepin, scored a decisive hit at the Paris Odeon a number of seasons ago, and has held a recognized rank on the French stage ever since as one of its best modern plays. Beerbohm Tree, the celebrated actor-manager of London, produced it as "Ragged Robin," his version being one of the notable events of a recent English season. Mr. Skinner's American version has proved, from all accounts, to be

novel characterization, a outlight creation that is new to the American stage. It is that of a grey-haired wanderer of the highways, a roamer of the roads, a happy-go-lucky, debonair, young fellow who is always seeking fresh adventures and fresh schemes along the open road. During one cheerful autumn with the reapers in the golden wheat fields of French Canada he wins the heart of a pretty farm lass, and the romance (and almost heart tragedy) which results transforms the merry, care-free stroller into a true, noble type of manhood and fatherhood. In his struggles to redeem an original wrong he becomes a dramatically appealing figure, full of human interest and ranging through the whole gamut of poesy, romance, emotion and fantasy, including humorous magic working and even picturesque melodrama.

"The Factory Girl," by Charles E. Blaney, is the title of the attraction at the Bijou for the week beginning tomorrow evening. It is a labor play of the comedy-drama type, abounding in sensational scenes, bits of pathos, heart interest and specialties, to say nothing of many orig-

inal and extremely funny comedy scenes. It requires two special cars to carry the scenery and mechanical effects, among which is a complete electric plant and tons of intricate machinery. The third set, representing a factory in full operation, is said to be a marvel of stage mechanism. The huge drive wheels and the gearing apparatus extend down through great traps cut in the stage into the cellar, where the power is generated. An electrical engineer and six expert mechanics are required to set up and operate this scene. Beautiful and elaborate scenery is carried for the entire production, and a bevy of pretty girls relieves the intensity of the powerful dramatic story with their gambols. Other features of "The Factory Girl" are the "pay day at the factory" scene, which involves the employment of over one hundred people. The interesting and amusing courtroom scene, the jail scene, totally different from anything ever before seen, in every sense, the funny dance of the factory hands, the great mob scene in the first act, and an entirely new and mysterious sensation in the last act.

The company, consisting of all the important members of the original cast, is way Convention in Washington, D. C., were also the guests of Mr. Crowder this week. Miss Helen Huffer returned from Albemarle, North Carolina, Saturday, where she, Mr. J. H. Parker and mother, of Richmond, arrived in Wytheville this week to spend the summer. Mr. W. J. Otey, of Bluefield, spent a few days with his brother, Mr. C. N. Otey, the early part of the week. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Stradwick returned Saturday from a bridal tour to New York and other northern cities. Mr. R. Ladlow, of Philadelphia, was here last week, looking after mineral properties.

Paul Revere's House. Prominent residents of Massachusetts, including Governor Douglas and Patrick A. Collins, Mayor of Boston, are taking steps to preserve the house of Paul Revere in North Square, near the old North Church, in Boston, from which he started on his night ride to arouse the countryside way up to Concord and Lexington, April 18, 1775. The place was about to be torn down, but a number of citizens have undertaken the task of raising \$17,000 to buy the property. It will be put in good condition, restored to its colonial dignity and preserved as a Revolutionary relic.



SCENE FROM OTIS SKINNER'S NEW PLAY.

an admirable transplanting of this recognized masterpiece to the American stage, and local play-goers will, no doubt, be glad to learn that they will soon have the opportunity of witnessing the piece, direct from its triumph at the Lyric, with the same expert cast and beautiful production, at the Academy on Wednesday, matinee and night.

Otis Skinner himself, has long been welcome as a sterling and scholarly actor and as a graceful and masterly playwright. In particular, of poetic and romantic roles. Of his most recent achievements the playgoers will readily recall those of the Lost Dauphin in "Lazarre," the love-tortured Lancelotto in "Francesca da Rimini," the lovable scapegrace, Charles Surface, in "The School for Scandal," the dashing wife-tamer, Petruchio, in "The Taming of the Shrew," and in the higher tragic realm of Shakespearean effort, the sombre figure of the vengeful Shylock. In his new role of the Harvester, by which title the hero of this Harvester play is known throughout, Mr. Skinner has a decidedly

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OUR MONDAY SALE MEANS YOUR MONEY SAVED.

OUR MONDAY SALE means your money saved, because our buyers have been busy. We've just landed some job lots of odds and ends—good quality, all right—but we bought cheap and we sell as we buy. Look at this list, then come up and look over the goods, and you'll be satisfied.

WASH GOODS.

SHEER BATISTE, in small, medium and large sizes, regular, 12 1/2c value, for..... 734c

VOILES, striped and flaked, we obtained the auctioneer's eye at our own price; that's why the usual price of 12 1/2c gives place at the Monday sale to a..... 834c

MOHAIR LINETTE—Here you are, a choice and fashionable fabric, worth 12c, and in every conceivable pattern..... 1134c

SHEER ORGANZ—Large floral effects; one of the most attractive dress goods in the store; Monday price cut from 12 1/2c to..... 9c

ABOLINA—This is as fine and tastefully woven a goods as you'll find anywhere, and one that will be sure to suit..... 17c

WHITE GOODS.

FRENCH LAWN, 40 inches wide, very sheer and fine; 25c value, for..... 934c

CANNON CLOTH—Double fold, linen finish; it would cost you the same where, but our Monday price..... 834c

INDIA LINEN, 40 inches wide; this is an extra finely woven piece of goods, and you know what it means to get a 12 1/2c goods for..... 934c

DOTTED SWISS—Small and medium dots, a very sheer and fine Swiss; worth 15c, but reduced for Monday sale to one-half..... 12 1/2c

LONG CLOTH—12 yards to the piece; enough said; for the piece, only..... 79c

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HABUTAI—A limited lot of very fine, sheer goods; on Monday each purchaser can have one waist pattern at a yard..... 19c

HAUTAI—Full 27 inches wide; other stores would charge you 50c for it but on Monday our price will be..... 39c

JAP-AN-GESE AND SHANTUNG—We have some very effective patterns, in creams, browns, navy blues and

blacks; 50c goods, but our silk department is a little over-crowded, so on Monday..... 39c

PLAIN TAFFETA, 36 inches wide, in blacks only; these are especially handsome goods; for Monday they'll be..... 75c

CHIFFON AND FIBER TAFFETAS, 36 inches wide, the usual 12 1/2c value will on Monday be cut down to..... 98c

This is a fraction above cost to us.

READY-MADE GARMENTS, &c.

SHEER LAWN WAISTS, with linen collar; very pretty..... 48c

SILK MOUSSELINE SHIRT WAISTS—black and white only; regular \$1.50 value, for..... 98c

\$2 SHEER LAWN WAIST, with large, stylish sleeves, trimmed in Val lace, with fagoting in collars..... \$1.48

LINEN SHIRT-WAIST SUITS—wide tucked waist, nine-gored skirt; Monday's special price on these will be..... \$2.25

INDIA LINEN SHIRT-WAIST SUITS—The front is made of Swiss tulle; some of the skirts are trimmed same as shirt waists and others are tucked; a regular \$5 garment, for..... \$3.48

There are several varieties for you to select from.

MEN'S BALBRIGGAN SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, regular 50c goods; for the Monday sale the price is cut in two..... 25c

MOHAIR SKIRTS, in blues and blacks; You can find Mohair skirts anywhere, but an inspection of this lot will prove to you that they are not only of extra material and workmanship, but they are dirt cheap at..... \$3.98

SILK BELTS, with fancy buckles—These well made and stylish belts are in all colors; they are readily worth 50c, but we are going to make you a bargain price of..... 29c

SPECIALS.

CHAMBRAYS—Linen finish. In solid colors, stripes and jaquard pattern; from 12 1/2c, to..... 534c

SOLID COLOR ORGANZES—Just the right shades. We were fortunate enough to secure more of these goods than we really needed, therefore, we've got to weed out some; 10c goods at..... 534c

CURTAIN SWISS—36 inches wide. In dots and lappet effects; 10c value..... 534c

BLEACHED COTTON—34 inches wide. Regular 61-4c value, for..... 378c

ONLY TEN YARDS OF ANY GOODS UNDER THIS HEADING TO ANY BUYER.

DRESS GOODS.

FINE MOHAIRS, 36 inches wide, all colors, new novelty effects; these goods are part of an auction pick-up; readily worth 50c, we will sell them to you for..... 39c

PRINCESS CRISPE, 36 inches wide, in navy blue, brown and black; a beautiful, soft, clinging fabric; the Monday price is only..... 25c

LADIES' NECKWEAR.

Some odds and ends, worth one-half more than price asked..... 10c

ALLOVER LACE, at a special Monday price of..... 39c

SILK GLOVES that are silk all over, on Monday for..... 25c

LADIES' LACE HOSE, regular 25c value, for..... 17c

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CASH
CUSTOM
CUTS THE
COST.

Whims of the Idler.

WHEN MAN IS MOST MISERABLE.

No man's cup of domestic unhappiness ever quite overflows until he has gone through the process of "moving"—that is, of transferring his goods and chattels from one house to another.

True, there are other material afflictions such as the shockingly unexpected advent of twins, visitations of the "in-laws," unpleasant interchanges of Billingsgate with the cook, quarrels with neighbors about your children and their children, and controversies with urchins who persist in stealing the garbage barrels for bonfires—but all these pale into insignificance when the furniture van rumbles up to the house and the day of changing habitation arrives.

The status of Job, who held the championship belt for being the trousered Patient Griselin of the earth (we will charitably suppose that he wore trousers) can never be firmly established in the masculine mind until it is proved beyond the peradventure of a doubt that he, Job, the uncomplaining, actually "moved," according to the modern conception of the word. Nor will we be satisfied to know that he folded his tents in the night and silently loped away. That will not do.

To be convinced that Job underwent and emerged morally scathless from the whole agonizing thing, we must know that he helped his wife pack the crockery and kitchen utensils; that he stood on a murderous step ladder and took down curtains; that he burrowed among the cracker boxes and broken chairs in the packing room; that he juggled the preserve jars in the pantry and groveled on all fours with a carpet tack extractor between his clenched teeth; that he assisted in "toting" a 500-pound mirror down a winding stairway and lent a hand in jamming his Tuxedo or spike-tail coat into a blanket-laden camphor chest, rattling with nuts.

Nay, more (or pray more, if you care to be asinine) we shall not be satisfied with all this unless we have it proved that uncomplaining Job not only "moved" out of one house, but also "moved" into another.

In short, the process under review is a sort of dual torture, or, to change the metaphors, a double-jointed Hydra-headed monster that breeds trouble no matter at which end you tackle it.

The "moving" business reveals two facts never before noticed—first, that a man owns ten thousand times as much personal property as he thinks he possesses; and, second, that the amount of dirt which can accumulate on one house in a twelvemonth would suffice to furnish soil for the hanging gardens of Babylon.

But it isn't the dirt which harasses one so much at the final moment. One can swallow that. It is the overwhelming realization of the fact that one is possessed of so many goods and chattels—articles too good to give away, yet hardly valuable enough to transport at seventy-five cents a load. The sight of such property invariably raises a puzzling question: "Why do we want it?"

Take a three-legged chair, for instance. One impulse prompts us to hand it over for keeps to the cook's cousin, who always happens to be on hand when she sees a chance of scratching among discarded rummage. Another impulse says: "Hold on to it; you may need it some day!"

So there you are, torn by conflicting emotions concerning a fragment of property worth probably twelve cents, while the value of the whole is being snatched at by a hungry hand, extorted on your wedding day from some friend who dared not fail to offer a sacrifice to the matrimonial Minotaur.

It is at this crucial period of one's life, too, that one learns to appreciate the value of apparently worthless things which get lost in the shuffle.

Let us say, by way of masculine illustration, that one's tooth brush, shoe paste and razor, by some inappreciable process, gravitate towards the receptacle

containing the table linen, and are there hidden from sight for several days. Hardly have they disappeared "unknown" to their owner before he is sensible of needing all three at once. His whiskers begin to grow like Jack's beanstalk; his dental equipment cries aloud from frictional attention; while the dust of his shoes so shocks his sense of propriety that life becomes unbearable. Mayhap the erstwhile possessor of the tooth brush, shoe paste and razor does not use either of the three articles once in a month, but let him know they are missing, and everything is different. "His absence makes the heart grow fonder."

And it is not to be supposed that the business of moving is the misery of a day. Its subverting influences, on the contrary, form an epoch in one's life. The householder is in transit for weeks—that is to say, the prudent matron begins packing weeks in advance, and ere the day the caravan gets in motion, the man on the premises can't call his soul his own. One by one he sees his treasured possessions packed up and consigned to the fathomless depths of dry goods boxes. Last week his battalion of old shoes (the darlings of his heart and the pet aversion of his wife) were ignominiously hurled, after the manner of Lucifer, from the skies into an unappreciative mountain of excelsior. But yesterday his choicest jar of tobacco found sepulchre in a barrel of sawdust; this morning the molasses jug was seen in the embraces of his darling frock coat; only an hour ago his odoriferous meerschaum pipe was carted off in a box, clinking with vials of ipecac, purgative, spirits of turpentine, castor oil and witch hazel.

Even now the wretch cowers in a pass-way packed and jammed with stumped baby carriages, frightened trundle beds and cribs, excited juvenile express wagons, centre tables, bird cages, doll baby houses, coffee grinders and clothes wringers.

He does not know at what moment he may himself be seized, swathed in excelsior, packed, jammed and rammed down into a dry goods box and carted off to his new abode, there to be dumped out, re-assorted, rubbed down, brushed off with a dusting ring and assigned to a new position in life.

Worse still, he fears that part of his very clothes may be torn off his back and tucked away, to serve as a protecting armor for the vanishing and divergent ladies and gents, who heretofore have bedecked the parlor mantels.

Already he has seen the plaster of Paris Venus wrapped up in his robe de nuit, so that the good but chilly lady may not bump too violently against the al fresco contingent under the trees on the Wedgewood milk picher.

And in the midst of all this hurly-burly, all the chaos and all the hurricane of confusion, the mattresses, rugs and carpets come up in a simoon of choking dust, and the pictures come down in a cloud of dirt, leaving behind on the cheerless walls, bright spots which show how they have protected the fading paper from the chemical action of the joy-giving sunlight.

But no more sunshine in this old house, O, terrified man—no more sunshine and no more shadow—not even the echoes of your children's voices will linger. The very store room cockroaches and water bugs are beating a retreat in the dusty halls.

You are going, bag and baggage—the whole kit and caboodle of you. Your jars and Penates are already being tossed into the hired vehicle along with the chicken coops and coal skuttles, the pots and skillets.

You are deserting a faithful friend, one who has sheltered you in fair weather and in storm. Perhaps adversity is driving you hence. God pity you if it is. Let us rather hope that, properly prompted, the change—that the new day—is made of finer clay—that it is an aristocrat in bricks and mortar or a patrician in mahogany and marble.

It will be but the matter of a few days, probably a few hours, before the younglings are satisfied. They forget so soon! And then, too, they have the freshly plastered walls to besmear with their sticky little fingers and the newly var-

nished paint to scratch with their ever-restless feet.

But with us old folks—oh, who can tell? Who, but those adults that have "moved," can understand the nostalgia bred by a new home. One can transport pots and skillets and kettles and clothes-wringers and furniture, but associations, alas, will not budge. They cannot be uprooted. The first night the old house is untenanted, these are all, all left behind—alone with the cold, bare floors, the great staring walls, the creaking stairways, the soot-choked closets, the gloomy pantries, the mysterious resounding halls and the deserted rooms—rooms where little children have been born and little children have died, rooms that have been instinct with every human emotion.

But enough, if the years are creeping up on you, never look back at the old

house when you "move," even though you be Lot's wife or the consort of Mrs. Orpheus, for sure it will touch you to the quick. And, besides, there'll be trouble enough waiting for you in the new home.

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